THE EMERALD.

(NEW SERIES.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER,

No. 102.

" Dum, quid sis, dubitas, potes esse nihil!"
MART.

THE misery of doubt is proverbial in the denunciation of the moralist, and its mischief familiar in the experience of the man of business. Suspense is next only in torture to the worst possible satisfaction, and a state of uncertainty hardly to be preferred to the conviction of the direst and most deprecated certainty. The conflict between hope and fear, expectation and apprehension, is too mighty for the mind to bear. These contending passions so agitate the system, they seem gigantic spirits, struggling with supernatural agency, to rend soul and body asunder. The human microcosm is divided against itself—and suffers

" The nature of an insurrection."

Proportionate are the mischiefs to the miseries of doubt. The mind, that is the prey of doubts, is doomed to perpetual pupilage. The scholar in such case, like the Son of Man, but from his own act, or rather inertness, has " not where to lay his head." Racked with anxiety for the consequences of every decision, he dares hazard none. His life seems drowsiness without repose, a sort of perpetual doze without rest. He dreams of thoughts, but never awakes to conclude. He will perhaps be first roused from his lethargy by the transition from time to eternity, and, starting out of life as from a fit of the stupor, will look round with amazement, as if to ask, Where am I, and what have I been? The mischiefs of doubt are not confined to the recluse student. They reach merchants and men of active pursuits. Dispatch is life to business. But dispatch is incompatible with dubitation. Prompt decision would make millions where tardy correctness earns cents. While the merchant hesitates, the bargain is gone. While he deliberates on the premium, the vessel is lost. Fortune exacts love at first sight. You must engage then or sue in vain ever after. She loathes long courtships. Hesitate and you may lose all chance. " *He that doubteth is damned*" is too often found to be literal truth.

The Wanderer has recently met, in a stroll some miles in the country, a club of Doubters. The first thing that struck his eye on entering their room was the odd motto over the President's chair, " Know enough *to doubt* that you know nothing!" Well thought he, a happy absurdity! Not know enough to be *satisfied* that you know nothing, for that would imply *knowledge* of *one* proposition. There was some reason for the distinction; since the whole sceptical fraternity knew on-

ly just enough not to be *certain*, that they were *in doubt*. Some rare scruples were in circulation, but they were passed round the board in a whisper, so that now and then a word or two could be heard, but the rest was left to conjecture. One doubt seemed to be whether it was not pernicious for a statesman to be a philosopher; another whether a civilian should be valiant, and a third, whether a nation that had no navy could engage at sea a nation that had. In truth the object of the meeting seemed to be the collision of wits to elicit doubts. About as absurd as using flint and steel to strike smoke! They doubted the evidence of the senses. Things *visible* were suspected. Their eyes had deceived them. The optics were known to be affected by love and the jaundice; and "Monsieur," said a Frenchman of the club, addressing himself to me, "why may not other things affect them, *more or less?*" The medium of view too was important. Objects looked greater through fog; and it was perfectly *clear*, that here was a *thick mist*. The fidelity of the *ears* was scrupled. The air might not be in the necessary state for sounds to strike the tympanum fairly; and if they did, they were in such imminent danger from the sinuosities of the auricular passage, that ten to one, they were *somewhat beside themselves*, before they reached the brain. The honesty of *touch* came under imputation. Parts of the body now and then underwent *total* numbness, and might *partial*. Exhilaration of the animal spirits produced greater quickness of sensation. So that were a man knocked down senseless, and these sceptics put on the jury of trial, to ascertain the hardness of the blow, they would inquire into the animal spirits of the subject. I could not help observing that these fellows laid down their premises with *certainty* to get at *doubtful* conclusions. I hinted this respectfully, but with a smile of secret satisfaction, expecting to take them by surprise. The President, however, armed *strong in doubts*, rose. "Stranger," said he, looking me full in the face, "*I know not but what* I ought to be obliged to you for the suggestion, *I thought* I just heard, as *it seems to imply* the compliment of attention; but you may *doubt* whether we do this *except for argument's sake*, and, to produce this doubt, are at liberty to deny any one of these premises, and you will thus at least discern "*through a glass darkly*" our own *scruples* as to its truth." "Oh, sire," added I, "there can be no question that your premises are doubtful" and here ended this interruption.

I sate for a few moments longer, listening to the dole of scrupulosities in the Sceptical society. At length, breaking from what a few faint whispers made a suspicious sort of silence, "Sir," said I, "suppose the eyes, ears, taste, touch, smell, yea all of them, every one of the human senses and faculties concur in establishing one fact, is it agreed by the dubious fraternity to doubt its existence?" "Yes, sir," was the answer, "we should not believe on oath such frail and corrupt witnesses. The cumulative weight of such evidence would be dust in our intellectual balance. Human testimony is after all fallible."

"What then if a Revelation from heaven——" here I checked myself, lest an impious suggestion of the least scruple on the existence of a Being, who could produce this revelation, should astound me to silence. "But the morality," con-

tinued I, "of your systematical scepticism is surely questionable." "It may be questioned, indeed, Sir," observed the master doubter, "and what may not? But we *doubt* whether it is not as pure as that of any system whatever. It exalts man's moral character by promoting humility; and it promotes humility by constantly inculcating the fallibility of all human testimony and of all human judgment. It has sacred sanction. "We are but of yesterday and *know nothing*."

The embarrasment of sophistry came over me. I rose from my chair and glancing on the words above the lower end of the table, "SPECTANDA SCIENTIA NUBE," a scrap from Milton *ad Patrem*, intended as a doubtful translation of the motto over the President's seat, in all the petulance of indignation, I quitted the hall.

Scepticism is a kind of mental suicide. To rack invention for objections to multiply doubts, is to make reason wage war with itself; it is to pervert the intellectual faculties to their own destruction; it is to use to make useless.

But there are a set of Sceptics, for whom the Wanderer has no mercy. Such are your young men, with some smattering of literature, who undertake to doubt of every thing for the sake of distinction They are sceptics from pride, and infidels from vanity. To doubt the truth of Christianity, they think will get them credit for profound erudition, and to deny the existence of a God, gain them celebrity for strong mind. Without science enough to doubt with intelligence, they doubt from mere love of fame. Dubitation ensures notoriety Fog magnifies; and they therefore fly for greatness to scepticism.

There are too a set of sincere, simpering doubters, who, in the honest truth of their hearts, *really never have an opinion of their own*. These are too weak for decision; like small feathers, the levity of which will not suffer them to light. "*Nature abhors a vacuum*," and Nature and the Wanderer are congenial at least in one common object of abomination. Yes and No are seen to dance in dalliance the most tender through the conversation of these gentle spirits, and the legitimate offspring of the union are, *I guess*, *I suspect*, *I apprehend*, and *I presume*. A Bard might in their company "catch some portion of seraphic fire," distance Darwin's refinements, and give to immortality—The Loves of the Monosyllabies. But we protest against this connexion of particles. We forbid the literary banns. There are Levitical degrees of affinity, and natural degrees of remoteness, that will prevent a marriage in both cases unnatural and monstrous. These two great arbiters, that pass sentence on all human affairs, were designed for single blessedness. No match should be consecrated, that is not yea and amen.

The felicity of decision is coequal to the fatality of doubt. The Wanderer means not to commend rash counsels. But man should not consume in deliberation the life, that was intended for action. He should form habits of ready decision. He should even be competent to execute with firmness, where he had no opportunity for previous thought. Moments of emergency will happen to every man. He should meet them, self-collected. When instant exertion is requisite, he should be able to exclaim with Cæsar, "*The die is cast;*" and pass the Rubicon.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION,

For the EMERALD.

From the French of the late Abbe Barthelemy.

ANAXAGORAS.

ANAXAGORAS, a native of Clazomenæ, departed from his country in early life to seek truth in all nations where famous philosophers dwelt. He applied himself to all the sciences which could dignify the mind, perfect reason or regulate the heart. Poetry, geometry or moral philosophy were ever his favourite studies.

After his travels, he returned to Greece, and established himself at Athens. He presently attained perfection in those sciences in which he most delighted. He saw, if the expression be warrantable, the ultimatum of the human mind, and felt in his soul a void which study could no longer fill.

Pericles an Athenian hero had a sister named Aphelia, who was the wonder of her age. She united with all the fascinations of her sex, a masculine understanding, a delicate mind, and a noble heart. The most sublime acquirements did not diminish in her that charming simplicity which heightens the splendour of the virtues and renders even defects amiable. Anaxagoras had heard her fame, but believing she resembled other women, he long avoided her presence, and when he did see her, he affected to receive no pleasure from her conversation. He was generally taciturn, and absent in her presence, or only broke silence to utter frigid or misplaced raillery.

Aphelia however penetrated the character of Anaxagoras and was not disconcerted by his savage manners. She frequently consulted him on questions the most abstract, and displayed in all her conversations a superiority of genius and a grandeur of soul, which triumphed at last over the natural ferocity of the philosopher.

One day a dispute arose between Pericles and his sister. Aphelia maintained that friendship might be as pure and perfect between persons of different sexes as those whose sex was the same. Pericles defended the opposite opinion, and Anaxagoras was appointed judge. He listened while the two parties pleaded their cause, and at last decided in favour of the princess, pronouncing his judgment in greek verses, which I have thus translated :

Whom genuine love inspires fair worth pursues,
But scorns the pleasures that the vain amuse
He checks desire, still cherishes his flame;
To love, his only good, his only aim.*

Aphelia thus penetrated all the sentiments of the philosopher, and did not condemn them because she knew the purity of his heart. From this moment Anaxagoras began to enjoy all the charms of friendship without passion. The void in his soul was occupied, all his desires were fixed. He became more delicate, more circumspect, more attentive in his manners. The princess perceived the change and inquired the cause. I am no longer indifferent to *your* esteem, was his reply. She blushed and her modesty completed the charm by which the philosopher was already fascinated.

* " Un cœur digne d'aimer, court à l'object aim...ble
" Sans penser aux plaisirs d'une flamme coupable.
" Il s'abandonne entier at ne desire rien :
" Aimer est tout son but, aimer est tout son bien."

Anaxagoras consecrated the remainder of his life to the amusement of Aphelia and wrote for her recreation the history of the metempsychoses under the title of "*The Heterogenetics of Syrame.*† He supposed himself to have known her from the time of pre-existence, and relates to her all which had befallen them since their descent into mortal bodies. He transforms himself first into a plant, then an insect creeping, winged and follows with a faithful friendship the amiable Aphelia, who is changed to a flower, a butterfly, a bird. He afterwards becomes a man, and finds in each age some philosopher whose body he inherits and some contemporary heroine animated by the soul of Aphelia. He remounts at last towards the superior regions, and roconducts her to the Empyrean, passing all the planets, whose wonders he describes. He thus developes all the mysteries of philosophy and all the history of the human mind, in a prosaic poetry interspersed with agreeable episodes, in which tender sentiments are always contrasted with sublime information We have lost this work; but a greek author which I have seen in the Florentine library has preserved the introduction, which is a letter written to Aphelia and in substance as follows:

"I have recalled for your amusement the happy time of the metempsychosis. I have made plants, insects and animals of all kinds to think, and feel, and speak. I have resuscitated the philosophers of all ages who placed the principal charm of love in the pleasure of loving. I have filled the stars and the elements with beings loving and amiable. All the Muses have made me presents. The Graces alone have bestowed on me no gift. Smile then, cast on me a look of friendship and they will immediately grant me *their* inspiration."

B. W.

† Bigarrures de Syrame.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

We select as an instance of exquisite wit from the facetious Henry Fielding, the following

ESSAY ON THE HONOUR OF THE HANGMAN'S OFFICE.

[Written in the year 1746.]

THERE are, perhaps, no officers in a commonwealth of more real dignity than those which are concerned in the execution of justice: and accordingly we see most of these in every government arrayed with the highest ensigns of authority, and regarded with the greatest marks of honour.

There is one, however, which, though it be the most necessary of all (being indeed the consummation, and what completes and perfects the whole) is, by a strange perversion, generally treated with the utmost ridicule and contempt, and the person who officiates is vilified and degraded as the lowest member of society. My reader must immediately guess I mean *the hangman*, or, as he is called, for distinction sake, the executioner; though it is certain that without this great officer of state, (for so in reality he is) *judges* would soon *be treated as jack-puddings, and laws themselves become the objects of scorn and derision.*

Mr. Tournefort, in his voyages, tells us of a certain island in the Archipelago where the inhabitants are so sensible of the dignity of the office, that it is justly reputed among

them as the most honourable in the whole commonwealth, and a gentleman there is as proud of reckoning a *hangman* amongst his ancestors, as in other countries men are to derive their stems from the nobility themselves.

It may seem somewhat difficult to account for the unmerited contempt with which this high officer is treated by most nations. In England, indeed, where every person and thing is valued by money, the low salary, or fee, which is annexed to the office, to wit, *thirteenpence half-penny per head*, may be a sufficient reason for the dishonour affixed to it. But what shall we say of other countries, where it is a place of considerable profit, and yet is held in no higher esteem. In France, though the hangman be usually as well dressed a man as any in the kingdom, he is, nevertheless, infamous, nor can with safety mix in the company of gentlemen. In a certain part of Germany the hangman is at present the richest person in the whole principality, and yet cannot marry a beautiful only daughter to any man in it. Nay, even the Dutch, whose God is gold, agree to treat *their deity with disrespect* in the *possession of their executioner*.

To say the truth, there seems to be somewhat of very deep and refined policy at the bottom of this: for *by this device of casting infamy on the hangman and his office, great men have been principally enabled to escape from his clutches*.

Notwithstanding the novelty of this my conceit, let the reader, before he rejects it, consider first whether he can invent any other argument against *hanging a great man* for the same crime for which a little one suffers that fate; but that this *death* is *base and infamous*, and *beneath* the quality of a *gentleman*. Secondly, whence the *infamy* of *this death*, but from the *infamy of him who inflicts* it? Would it otherwise be *more* scandalous for a man to *be hanged*, than to be universally *known to deserve* it? Why else should the infamy be transferred from *the crime* to *the punishment*, and that in those punishments *only* which this officer inflicts?

The hangman, therefore, is excluded from all good company, and his office is represented as low and mean, in order to instil into the people a persuasion that the objects of it are only the lowest vulgar, and *that greatness and the gallows are incompatible ideas:* an opinion which has prevailed so greatly that the phrase is in every one's mouth—"Such a one is too great to be hanged."

I might corroborate the above conjecture by another maxim of politics, which is to depress and expel out of society *any person whom you have defrauded or injured*, lest he should attain sufficient power and interest to do himself justice. Now can any man doubt but that *the hangman* is commonly *the most injured* in his *property* of any person whatever? Who do not know, that *whole bodies of men* have been *justly his due* without his receiving *one individual* of their number? Can any man conceive that this could happen, or that he would sit tamely down contented with such injustice if he had access to, and interest with the other great men in the kingdom, to which the dignity of his office so well entitles him? Nay, *gentlemen* would themselves be ashamed, when they looked on him as *their equal*, to defraud him in so barefaced a manner; for even the greatest persons do some sort of justice among themselves, and

pay their *debts of honour* to each other. I have now a great man in my eye, who, if the hangman had a proper opportunity of fairly stating the case to him, hath not sufficient abilities to refute, nor, I believe, impudence enough to deny the justice of his claim. I am, indeed, convinced there are more persons, who in such a case would be ashamed of not being hanged, than ever were ashamed of being so.

In reality, the scandal lies not in suffering but in escaping from punishment. Nay this purges the offence, and the guilty man who hath undergone the sentence allotted to his crime, becomes again *rectus in curia*. On which account some of the civilians have very gravely and wisely recommended to offenders to surrender themselves to the magistrates, confess their delinquencies, and as my schoolmaster used to say, take their punishment quietly. Indeed while men are governed by ambition, vanity, avarice, and other genteel passions, for them to avoid the commission of crimes; but to be hanged for them is every man's power, if he be not a slave to that *scoundrel* passion, *fear*, whose dominion no *gentleman* will own.

And what man of honour can submit to the baseness of fearing about a life which is forfeited to the hangman? Who can survey his person with pleasure in a glass however well dressed or ornamented it may be, when he considers it is the property of Jack Ketch, if he be so low a person as he is vulgarly reputed? On the contrary, if his office entitles him to that rank and dignity which I have contended to be his due, what *man of honour* is at liberty to refuse a *gentleman* whom he hath injured, *satisfaction?*

I intended at the conclusion of this paper to have recommended this satisfaction which the French call *amende honorable* to some particular persons; but as I have no room for half the names and titles which occur to me, I shall defer this to some other opportunity. I shall therefore confine myself at present to one set of men whom I must earnestly desire to deliver themselves immediately into the hands of the great officer of justice above mentioned, as not only their own honour, but the good of the public absolutely require it.

I believe no honest man can entertain the least doubt but that persons who endeavour to embroil their country in domestic factions at this season, when it is not only in the utmost danger from external enemies, but a flame actually subsists within her own bowels, who misrepresent the measures, clog the wheels of government, and oppose the best friends which the publick have ever seen in power; who, under a most impudent pretence to a zeal for liberty, are clandestinely undermining her very foundation. I say, no man can doubt but that all such persons deserve to be hanged.

Nothing can be more flattering, as a test of fame, than to have one's character make a sensible impression on obscure individuals. It must have weight to sink so low.

A few years ago, says ESPRIELLA in his "Letters from England,"* when KOSCIUSKO came to this city, (Bristol) on his way to America, great marks of honour were shewn him, and many presents made him, both by the municipality, and by individuals. Among others, an honest ginger-bread baker thought, as he was going to sea, nothing could

* Now in the press of Mess. Munroe and Francis, in this town.

be more acceptable to him than a noble plum-cake, for the voyage, he made him the very best, which could be made, and a valiant one it was. It was as big as he could carry; and on the top, which was as usual covered with a crust of sugar, was written in coloured sugar plums —"To the gallant Kosciusko!" With this burthen, the good man proceeded to the house of the American Consul, where Kosciusko was lodged, and inquired for the general. He was told that he was lying on the sofa (for his wounds were not at that time healed), and was too much fatigued, and too unwell to see any one. "Oh!" said the ginger-bread baker, "he won't be angry with you at seeing me, I warrant you, so shew me the way up;" and pushing the servant forward, he followed him up stairs into the room. When, however, he saw the great man, whom he was come to honour, lying on a couch, with his countenance pale, painful and emaciated, yet full of benevolence, the sight overpowered him; he put down his cake, burst into tears like a child, and ran out of the room without saying a single word.

Classic electors will cry "hands up," to vote in the least notice of Gilbert Wakefield. "When J—" says the same Spanish traveller, "passed through this town, (Dorchester, Eng.) on his way to Spain, he visited *Gilbert Wakefield*, a celebrated scholar, who was confined here as a favourer of the French Revolution. One of the bishops had written a book upon the state of public affairs, just at the time when the minister proposed to take from every man the tythe of his income: this the bishop did not think sufficient; so he suggested instead, that a tenth should be levied of all the capital in the kingdom; arguing, that as every person would be affected in the same proportion, all would remain relatively as before, and in fact no person be affected at all. This curious argument he enforced by as curious an illustration; he said "That if the foundations of a great building were to sink equally in every part at the same time, the whole pile, instead of suffering any injury, would become the firmer."— "True," said Wakefield in his reply, and you, my lord bishop, who dwell in the upper apartment might still enjoy the prospect from your window;—but what would become of me and the good people who live upon the ground-floor?"

Wakefield was particularly obnoxious to the government, because his character stood very high among the Dissenters, for learning and integrity, and his opinions were proportionately of weight. They brought him to trial for having in his Answer to the bishop's pamphlet applied the fable of the Ass and his Panniers to existing circumstances. Had it indeed been circulated among the poor, its tendency would certainly have been mischievous; but in the form in which it appeared it was evidently designed as a warning to the rulers, not as an address to the mob. He was, however, condemned to two years confinement in this prison, this place being chosen as out of reach of his friends to make imprisonment more painful. The public feeling upon the rigorous treatment of so eminent a man was strongly expressed, and a subscription was publicly raised for him, which amounted to about fifteen hundred pieces-of-eight, and which enabled his family to remove to Dorchester and settle there. But the magistrates, whose business

was to oversee the prison, would neither permit them to lodge with him in his confinement, nor even to visit him daily. He was thus prevented from proceeding with the education of his children, an occupation which he had ever regarded as a duty, and which had been one of his highest enjoyments. But in the midst of vexations and insults he steadily continued to pursue both his literary and christian labours; affording to his fellow prisoners what assistance was in his power endeavouring to reclaim the vicious, and preparing the condemned for death. His imprisonment eventually proved fatal. He had been warned on its expiration to accustom himself slowly to his former habits of exercise, or a fever would inevitably be the consequence; a fact known by experience. In spite of all his precautions it took place; and while his friends were rejoicing at his deliverance he was cut off. As a polemical and political writer he indulged an asperity of language which he had learnt from his favourite philologists, but in private life no man was more generally or more deservedly beloved, and he had a fearless and inflexible honesty which made him utterly regardless of all danger, and would have enabled him to exult in martyrdom."

Beauty, says the courtly Sir Philip Sydney, can give an edge to the bluntest sword.

The same writer, of aphoristical memory, has thus condensed nearly all that can be said on that crime against nature, SUICIDE. The last period but one needs not the apology of the remoteness of the age at which it was written, but is at this day strikingly eloquent.

Killing one's self is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding of a fear of a future evil, either of torment or of shame; for if it were not a hopeless respecting of the harm, courage would make one not respect what might be done unto one: and hope, being of all other the most contrary to fear, self-killing being an utter banishment of hope, it seems to receive its ground in fear. *Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valour, which should be lifted up to such a height, that holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain its greatness, even in the midst of miseries.* God has appointed us captains of these our bodily forts, which without treason to that majesty, are never to be delivered over till they are demanded.

The subsequent classification is said to be taken from "the History of the valiant cavalier Tirante, the White."

JEWS.

You must know, that we modern Jews are descended from three separate stocks, since the crucifixion of the Holy Man named Jesus. One race is of those who determined his death: these are known by a continual agitation, for they can enjoy no repose either of body or mind; to this restlessness they join an astonishing impudence. Another race descends from those who crucified him; you may know them by the wildness of their aspect, and their inability to look any one steadfastly in the face, still less do they dare to lift up their eyes to heaven. The third are descendants of David, they were in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion, but through pity retired into Solomon's temple that they might not behold so great an injustice! they are mild and affable, and can look in every direction.

TRIFLES,

"LIGHT AS AIR."

Mrs. Pawlett is made in "Old Nick," to minute down in her *Nondescript* book a bon mot, which we think worth *her* recording and ours.

"A good thing I said once.

"Some one interceding with a cousin of mine for a foolish blockhead who pretended to be dying in love for her, accused her of hardheartedness, and asked her if he died, how she would reconcile it to herself? I directed her to say:

"How! very well. His death itself will expiate the crime. Like the shepherdin THEOCRITUS, I shall have sacrificed a CALF to love."

LITERARY NOTICE.

IT gratifies national pride to announce an American Edition of THE WORKS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. The original has for its Editor ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ. the biographer of GARRICK, the pupil and companion of JOHNSON, and over whom that monarch of literature claimed the high prerogative of exclusive, occasional derision. Messrs. J. West, Oliver C. Greenleaf, and Edward Cotton have issued proposals for the work, and, as proprietors, we doubt not, will meet their reward. Who is not eager for the productions of a man, who passed through every department in polite literature and left for posterity models in them all? Who does not admire the Orator, whose eloquence filled the Parliament of "The Gentleman's Magazine," *King, Lords, and Commons consisting of himself?* We contemplate with wonder the grateful correspondent of CAVE and the glowing companion of SAVAGE; the *loyal* enemy of WILKES and the warm friend of BURKE; the intrepid detector of the Cock-Lane Ghost and MACPHERSON; the assailant of JUNIUS, and against BOLINGBROKE the *Jupiter tonans;*" the PLUTARCH of Britain and the QUINTILIAN of Modern Europe; the ZOILUS of MILTON, the JUVENAL of LONDON, and the EUSTATHIUS of SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE FORMER CORRESPONDENTS OF THE EMERALD.

The strains of R** are remembered,
"Sweet as the mild æolian note"

We hope they are not discontinued; that he will give more solid satisfaction than "the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." He will not suffer fancy's

"Flowers to languish,
"And fade and die."

To "Leander" the former editors were introduced; the present wish an intimate acquaintance.

"S," though near the end of the alphabet, is not last in the order of letters. The *waving line* is said to be the *line of beauty.* We wish it would oftener decorate the columns of the Emerald.

The "Village Lass" has *urbs in rure,* unites rural simplicity and city refinement. More of her society would delight.

The "Imitations of Horace" have for some time been discontinued. The classic grove furnishes countless shrubs and trees, abundantly worth transplanting. We wish this Forester were more industrious.

B. has knack at rhyme, we hope he will not lose it by disuse.

The stars of D** have lately disappeared in our horizon. We trust they are not struck from the hemisphere.

"Albert" is not forgotten; but should be more officious in bringing himself to mind.

We remember "P" to Miss "O." O and P are so near each other, we wonder they do not meet frequently. Their *literal* friends will make way for them. They are welcome to any room we possess.

"Phaon" is detained, we fear, by the arms of some fair Lesbian. She will not throw herself from the precipice should he leave her awhile.

The Emerald corps of translators stood in need of recruits. We thank B. W. that he volunteered in the service.

In reviewing the pages for the past year we smiled at the recognition of orator "Colon," and should be glad to receive more Bills in Chancery, praying for the relief of violated letters.

The biographer of Tooke and of Erskine is requested not to let his own state monopolize his labors. Literary men are cosmopolites and their efforts the property of the world.

POETRY.

THE STANDARD OF LIBERTY.

An occasional Poem, now altered and enlarged from the original of Mrs ROWSON, *by a Gentleman of Boston, and delivered at the Boston Theatre, on Thursday evening last, by Mrs.* STANLEY.

IN former times, by ancient bards we're told,
Greece, hurried by revenge, with power grown bold,
Invested Troy's fam'd city;—and at length,
By art, not force of arms, subdued its strength
The guards, by fraud deceiv'd, betrayed their trust,
And Troy's proud towers were levelled with the dust!

At midnight, a tremendous fire began;
And thro' the city, as it furious ran,
A warlike youth, for deeds of glory fam'd,
Nor less for filial love, Æneas nam'd,—
Rush'd to his father's tent, and dauntless bore
His trembling Parent forth, and sought a distant shore.

Jove, from Olympus' height, with joy survey'd
The pious act, and thus benignant said:
"Ye Nymphs and Tritons, who delighted sweep,
"With beauteous limbs, the surface of the deep,
"Be it your care, Æneas be not lost;
"Conduct him safely, to the Italian coast;
"There shall his race of heroes proudly bear
"My glorious standard, thro' the fields of air!"
Then, from his hand, majestick, forth he threw
The glittering Eagle; swift as thought, he flew
To guard Æneas' race, repell his foes—
'Till, from his sons, a mighty nation rose.
The Eagle wing'd the Standard they unfurl'd,
And Rome became—the *Mistress of the World.*

Long, long, she bore the universal sway;
The world, with pleasure, listen'd to obey
Whate'er were her commands; but, to relate,
What sudden, sad, what strange reverse of fate,
Shrouded her glory, luxury and pride,
With avarice, and every vice beside,
Sapp'd her wise laws, unnerv'd her Soldier's power,
And Rome's vast empire—*fell, to rise no more!*

By vice and folly, thus expell'd from Rome,
The warlike Eagle sought another home;
In mazy circles, round the etherial plain,
Unfix'd, uncertain, where to light again,
Jove's martial bird majestically flew,
'Till thy fair shores, *Columbia*, met his view!
On the new, rising world, he fix'd his eye,
And hover'd o'er it with exulting joy.
Jove saw with pleasure, and his will express'd,
"Go! in Columbia's shades, take up thy rest!
"For there, from gorgeous dome to lowly cell,
"My favourite daughter Freedom loves to dwell!
"Science, with pensive brow, shall grace her court;
"There all the arts and muses shall resort;
"Thither the brave and worthy shall repair;
"And thou surmount the standard they shall bear;
"Nor fear that thou shalt be expell'd again:
"Columbia's Standard *ne'er shall know a stain!*"

As thus the thunderer spoke, the realms around
Re-echoed, with the pealing anthems sound;
"Long may Columbia flourish!" was the strain;
"Long may her glorious Independence reign!
"Firm and united, may her children claim
"The sweets of peace, and an *untarnish'd name!*"

The music ceas'd; the standard glorious rose;
A martial band the heavenly pledge enclose;
Proud in their country's bright insignia arm'd,
With patriot fire, and glory's ardor warm'd,
Sworn, while Columbia's Eagle, boldly free,
Spreads his broad pennons o'er the land and sea,
To shield his bosom from assailing foes,
And guard the nest, where his young brood repose.

What, tho' a nation's tears, mid laurell'd gloom,
Water the leaves, that shade our Fabius' tomb,
While nature sits, and watches at his urn,
Fame's vestal lamp, that will for ever burn!

What, tho' no longer Afric's turrets flame,
Nor shake her battlements, at PREBLE's name;
Preble! great chief! whom ocean proudly bore,
And hail'd the Nelson of Columbia's shore!
To Preble--dead--a tear is all we give;
But worlds were cheaply given, could Preble live!
What, tho' in fate's dark phalanx we behold,
The brightest names of patriot worth enroll'd;
Still to our land this bulwark will remain,
Chiefs have not bled, nor Statesmen toil'd in vain;
Still Liberty, in robes transcendant bright,
Her head encircled with a crown of light;
With smiles, with pride, this warlike legion owns;
"Columbia is my home; her Warriors are my Sons!"

Lines, on seeing the casts of Messrs. PITT, FOX, and the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, taken from their faces within a few hours after death, by Mr Nollekins.

YE faithful images of Death,
form'd, when the newly-parted breath,
Had struggling left its house of clay,
Alas! what changes ye display;
Changes so vast, I scarcely find,
One trait of visage or of mind.
Behold within a few short hours,
A monarch each of mental powers,
Behold *two* wonders of the world
From wit and wisdom's empire hurl'd!
A *third*—the sovereign of the gay
Dethron'd from Fashion's, Beauty's, sway,
Three naked masks, they now appear
The *mockery* of what they were.
From lips like those of deadly pale,
Where still the marks of pain prevail;
And in each lineament is seen,
Where the last agonies have been—
Ah, could I think--had I not heard,
With mute attention every word—
Ah, could I think, my raptur'd ear,
As to the music of the sphere,
Had fixed me list'ning on the spot,
My sleep, my health, myself forgot,
Where Britain, Europe, seem'd to wait
The issue of *their* deep debate?
By turns I felt PITT's awful sense,
And glow'd with FOX's eloquence;
Unwarp'd by faction, the free mind,
To each the patriot palm assigned.
And who, fair DEVON, could suppose,
That lifeless lids, alas! like those,
Sunk and distorted by disease,
Had e'er possessed such power to please?
Had softly veil'd those eyes of fire
That long monopoliz'd the lyre;
When flush'd with youth, in beauty's grace
I first survey'd that alter'd face;
That face which more than beauty knew,
Opening high virtues to the view;
For *Bounty* in each feature smil'd,
And sorrow call'd thee pity's child.
Had'st thou an error? 'twas excess,
A *wish*, beyond the *means* to bless,
That all the injur'd and the poor,
Should feel a wrong, a want, no more.
Ah! had an ampler scope been given
To her warm heart by favouring Heaven,
Had the same stretch of boundless power
That aid's War's tyrant to devour,
Myriads of widows, orphans, friends,
Whose heart-strings now that tyrant rends,
Would, from *her* hand have found relief,
And ev'ry lenitive of grief.
And shall such feelings cause a foe
To the prov'd friend of want and woe?
No! thou pale semblance copied here,
Which mine eye traces thro' a tear,
There lives not one, whose eye, like mine,
Will not drop incense on thy shrine.

YAWNING.

HOW I love to laugh!
Never was a weeper,
Tho', like a lazy calf,
Have been a mighty sleeper.
Once I got a place,
But lost it the same morning,
'Cause, in my patron's face,
I some how fell a yawning.

Then I fell in love,
Hoping to get married,
Tried my nymph to move,
And near my point had carried,
But lost her in a pet,
'Cause, going to kiss one morning,
Just as our lips had met,
Some devil set me yawning.

Now comes the worst mishap,
Once being shav'd so nice, Sir,
I gap'd, and Mr. Strap,
He gave me such a slice, Sir.
But all my griefs to tell
Would take a summer's morning,
So mum would be as well,
Lest I should set you yawning.

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